A POEM

ON

The Royal Company

OF

SCOTTISH ARCHERS.

CAN any be with Envy ſo poſſeſt,
Not to Rejoice when now we ſee at laſt
The SCOTTISH ARCHERS once again appear;
Whoſe Martial Deeds our Hiſt'rys all declare
'Gainſt *England*, SUCH, of old, were the Barrier
Of *Roman* Conqueſts, SUCH ſtop'd the Career.

SUCH with their Lives, the Sov'raignty maintain'd,
Of SCOTLAND, and its Honour kept unſtain'd
Thro' many Ages; to their Progenie
Deliv'ring down their Laws and Country free.

Behold of Gen'rous Friends a Noble Train,
Join'd not for vain Applauſe or hope of Gain:
But whom tried Truth, approven Honeſty,
With a fix'd Purpoſe of Integrity,
Firmly unite in the beſt Amity.

They'll ne'er their PRINCE or Friends in Straits forſake,
Nor, by deceiving Fame, their Judgements make;
Always purſuing what is Juſt and Great,
Nor Fears, nor Hopes, can move them to retreat.

If IN DEFENCE of *ALBION*'s Liberty,
The * RAMPANT LYON ſhall be rais'd on high,
Guarded with Armies of ſuch Gallant Youth,
Whoſe Breaſts are arm'd with Courage and with Truth,
Our Foes ſhall fly, or ſoon reſign their Breath,
Such ARCHERS Arrows will give certain Death.

* *Royal Standard.*

FINIS.

C 1700

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